
Title: A Return

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Time is a strange thing,
both nothing and
everything. It defines
where and who we are by
its progress, and with dial
and clockwork we too
define it... but it is the
greater power, for it
cares not for definition
nor for company,
flowing on without us.

And so it has here in
Sosaria. In years past, I
walked these lands, my
quill ever moving from
inkpot to page.
Philosophy, poetry,
history, all went from pen
to paper, the shelves
of grand libraries
weighted with my words,
from those works
conversations had with
strangers, friendships
forged.

Yet a time came when
rest was required,
solitude for thought,
contemplation of the
myriad fears and
tribulations inescapable
by those who breathe.
And in my absence...
time flowed on.

Friends have faded, new
voices have risen in the
literary sphere. The
name of Stephanos,
known to few, now known
to none. But where are
my texts, I wonder?
Have time's waters been
a storm which rent them
asunder in its passing?
Or a gentle flow which

has left them on the
banks to be found?